

into the night. What we needed came to us. Everything else in our lives took a back seat.

So, in three weeks from the cancellation of the conference and Doris's resignation, with no money or resources other than our determination and intention, we—1,300 grassroots women—got ourselves to Ottawa and into Room 200 of the Parliament Buildings for our own Constitutional conference. The prevailing sense and feeling was that we were making history; we were changing the rules that profoundly affect the lives of women and girls in Canada. The women themselves initiated, persisted, and achieved. It was a time of grace as well as action like the one shot David took at Goliath hitting him between the eyes and knocking him down.

It is just as well that we did not know that this was only the beginning of what would be a long struggle extending into years. As we—the women who followed Doris's lead and involved ourselves in the ongoing process of the Constitution and Charter—became more confident and less compliant, government and leaders became more wary and cautious. Well-behaved women seldom make history. We never knew how much we knew about women's ways of knowing. It was definitely a "coming of age" and a breaking out of the mould. And, we made history.

Pat Hacker lives in Prince Edward County where she remains engaged in political and spiritual activism on behalf of peace, women, and the earth, imaged female. Pat works as a hypnotist, a healer, a wedding officiant and with her partner Marie Frye produces Slickers ice cream.

Farewell to Patriarchy

(Tune - "Farewell to Nova Scotia")

Original: unknown author (probably WWI)

Collected by folklorist Helen Creighton

Lyrics by Linda Palmer Nye

Farewell to Patriarchy, that all male caste.
Let your armour rust and your weapons rot.
Women no longer stay, in our place out of your way.
You can stick it in your Ripley and believe it or not!

We are comin' round the mountain and we're comin'
round for power,
And we're seeing ourselves as the pres-i-dent.
And if you fight and you scream of injustice in our dream,
We'll be forced to remind you who's the 52.4 per cent.

Nous voulons vous faire face, vous décrire notre place.
Reprenez vos plans construits entre hommes.
Ouvrez vos yeux! Nettoyez vos oreilles!
Il est temps que notre voix se fasse comprendre –
et entendre.

So farewell to patriarchy, that all male caste.
Men, don't let the changes make you overwrought.
Oh no, don't shed a tear – that's too female my dear –
You just stick it in your ... Ripley and believe it or not!
Stick it in your Ripley and believe it or not!

Faith in First Ministers

(Late-1800s Tune – "Faith of Our Fathers")

Lyrics by Linda Palmer Nye

Faith in First Ministers living still,
Trading our rights, against our will.
Oh would that we could but abort them all –
Guilty they be of such chauvinist gall!

Rape of our rights and our equality,
First Ministers, a blight on thee.
Rape of our rights and our equality,
First Ministers, a blight on thee.

All MEN!